Ormondes Breakfast

OR

A TRVE RELATION

Of the Salley and Skirmish performed by Collonell *Michaell Iones* and his Party, against the Marques of *Ormonde*, and his Forces encamped before *Dublin* the second of *August* 1649.

OXFORD

In a Dialogue between a *Cheualier* and a *Roundhead*.

Dublin
Printed *Anno Dom.* 1649.

A TRVE RELATION

OF

The Skirmish and Encounter

Between Colonell Michael Jones and his

Party, against the Marquis of Or-

monds, and his Forces encamped

at Dublin the second

of April 1649.

In a Dialogue between a Cavaliere

and a Roundhead.

Dublin

Printed Anno Dom. 1649.

To the Reader.

READER, This is but private Soldiers chat
As rough, as is his Amunition Hat
Do thou but only looke for Truth & Sence
For hee knowes neither wit, nor Eloquence
That Break-fast here for sixpence thou hast found
Which cost Iames Butler forty thousad pound
I hope thou wilt digest it well: if not
Alls one to mee, Sith I am payd the shot

Roundhead

STAND, what art thou, the Word: think not to fly?
Beyond my sharpe revenge: for thou shalt dye
Vnlesse thou dost in time for mercy cry.
Cheva. O stay thy hand bold Roundhead; tis thy day
Bravely to fight: and ours to runne away
The man halfe dead before: thy vallour will not slay.
Roundhead Rest thee: for I perceive the feare of death
Hath made thee runne, till thou art out of breath.
By this time, I beleeve the worke is done
The day is ours; and wee the field have wonne
Wherefore sit downe: refresh thy Tyred sence
Then tell mee who thou art, thy name, and whence
Chevalier My name is Royallist, of Parents good
My fortunes much Inferiour to my blood
Yet was I never wretched untill now
That feare, and not thy force, hath made mee bow
Yet he deserveth justly, to be scorn
Which takes a Coward for his President
Hell take those Leaders which lead men astray
Soe shall that man be damn'd which first this day
Did turne his backe: and basely runne away.
Roundhead O strang is this the first fruits of that breath
Which mercy hath soe late repriv'd from death
To curse, and yet which is a greater evill
To give thy wise Commanders to the Divell
T'were better at this Instant thou shouldst dye
Then live; unlesse thou live in Charity
Chevalier Call you them wise Commanders: surely they
Had soe much wit: wisely to runne away
But els, though you are pleas'd to tearm them wise
I doe not know where their discretion lyes

Baſe dull Security, was never yet
As I conceive ſigne of a Souldiers wit.
They might have thought; if they had bin ſoe wiſe
That you would make a Salley: and Surprife
Our careleſſe Campe for they knew long before
That you had done, as much as that, or more.
Roundhead You meane at *Dungans-hill*: my ſelf was there
When they were kild, and tane, in their owne ſnare
That Bogge which they did fly to, them for aide
Them to the fury of our Swords betray'd
The wood all ſhelter unto them deny'd
As though it loath'd their Cowardize to hide
When Heaven commands; all Creatures muſt obey
None can Protect: when he commands to ſlay.
But to the preſent buſines, what dee thinke
Of this dayes worke, had you good ſtore of Chink
Within your Campe? for ſurely ſuch an Hoſt
Was not maintained with a little coſt
And every day fed both with boyld and Roſt.
Chevalier The Officers had Cash; our ſtock was ſmall
For Sir you know tis ſoe in Armies all
Which made this Phraſe: *The meakeſt goes to th' wall*
But ſee the judgment now, in this defeat
On Officers: which did their Souldiers cheat
Though they have Coſen'd many; when they fall
One Single man, doth ſtrip them out of all.
Roundhead What number was your Army horſe & foot:
That thus you runne: and ſtood noe better too't
Chevalier Sir I conceive the number of our Force
Was ſeaven thouſand; Foot; three thouſand Horſe:
Our Vaſſayles, if you reckon Knave & Whore
Did mak the number haſſe as many more
Theſe latter did our Campe, more hurt then good
In daily eating up the Souldiers food.

For

For say all what they will: your Leager Queane
Makes two Shirts fowle, for one which she makes cleane.
Roundhead Where is your Viceroy now: that man which claimes
Soe many tytles, and soe many names.
That Schoolboyes, should he reigne another yeare
Would raile at him: for making Paper deare
This day hath added something to his store
For it hath grac't him with one title more.
Chevalier. I cannot tell which way the *Marques* went
Or whether you might finde him by the sent:
But this I know it ill became his Grace
To bring his Masters Army to this place:
And then to goe to Cards, with the Lord Taaffe:
Before he saw his Squadrons lodged safe:
Or while he sporting was, at *Venus* game
Thus to be routed both with losse and shame.
Roundhead Indeed his Lordship dealt not wisely there
But hee'l recruite againe: you need not feare
Meane while, I pray perule this following List
Tis *Bilia vera*, my *Antagonist*.
Then tell me what you thinke of this days route
All though your nam's Ingeniously left out
Was it not bravely followed: bravely runne
Was it not bravely lost; and bravely wonne?

Prisnors taken the second of *August* 1649.

Feild Officers

Earle of *Fingall*.
Colonell *Richard Butler* Brother to the Lord of *Ormonde*.
Col. *Christopher Plunket*.
Michaell Searle Agitant Generall & Lieut. Colonell.
Sir *George Bingham* Baronet.
39 Cap. 52. Lievtenants.
40 Ensignes. 6. Cornets.
8 Quatermasters.
8 Troopers 9. Gentlem.
Robert Hamblerton Minister.

Lieu. Collonells

John Bellew Lieutenant of the Ordnance
Alcworth. Cleark of the Store. 10 Servants
Stanley. 6 Gunners. 6 Trumpets. 6 Chyrurgions.
Forteſcue. 10 belonging to the Artillry. 69 Serjants.
Taaffe. 56 Corporalls. 20 Drums. 59 Fewtees, and
Gerrald their Lievtenant.

Lievt. Coll.

Roger Garland. 2100 Private Souldiers taken
Oliver Fitz Simonds. 3500 & odde ſlaine, amongſt
Cunnis. which were ſeverall Officers,
Kildare. and men of great Note.

Majors

Henry Littell.
Charles Norwood. 5. Peeces, a Morter Peece and
Fleetwood. a great Peece.

200 Oxen, and all their Armes Ammunition, Tents, Waggons, Bagge and Baggage

Thus God hath cauſed us to ſing *Victoria*
And wee will anſwer: *Soli Deo Gloria.*

Chevalier If this be true which here I finde expreſt
Ile ſigh the Preface, and weep out the reſt
If there be kill'd and took which you have reckon'd
Alas what wilt thou doe, poore *Charles* the ſecond
My heart doth bleed for thee, and thy faire traine
Of Engliſhmen, ſhould thus be tooke, and ſlaine
Thoſe men which never could have loſt the day
Had not the *Iriſh* baſely runne away
Thoſe hatefull Cowards which did never ſtand
Gainſt equall Force either by Sea, or land
For which if Heaven, or Hell, have not a worſe
Yet may they not ſcape my deſerved Curſe.
That when a Drum, or Trumpet: they ſhall heare
They may runne frantique, or ſtarke made for feare:
And in that frantique humor, kill each other

The

The Sonne, his Sire, Wife, Sister, Childe, and Mother
And after may the wretched senceles Elfe
Draw forth his hated skeyne, and kill himselfe
Thus for not one of all the Family;
May raise the Hubbub, or that Heathen cry;
Whereby their Neighbours, to their help they draw
But may the Wolfe intombe them in his Maw
Roundhead If thou art as thou sayst a *Chevalier*
Thou dost quite derogate from *Common Prayer*
Of all the *Sects*, this is the strangest way
That ere I heard, or man, or woman, pray
Either pray better, or pray not at all,
He prayes ill, that prayes for his brothers fall.
Chevalier Thou's many a Gallant man is fallen this day
Which I cold wish had scap't with life away
Our men of Vallour which stood bravely too't
Were knoct i'th head: they scornd to face about
O *Inchiquine*, hadst thou been on the plaine:
Thou wouldst have chang'd them, Maugre all the Force
Of their mad foes, and desperate fighting Horse.
Thou wouldst this day, have put the *Roundheads* foot
An I beat them, both on Horse-back and Foot.
Roundhead Had *Inchequine* bin there, you must confesse
Yet was it Allmighties power, no whit the lesse:
T'was he which lead us forth, and brought us in,
T'was he which made you flie, and made us win.
Wee were the Instrument it is true
Which did the worke; to whom all prailes be.

FINIS